

# THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBVS DEVVM OMNIA  
COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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## THE FIELD AFAR

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### TERMS:

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Membership in the Society)—  
To any address, home or  
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(A *Perpetual Membership* offering in-  
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*FIELD AFAR*.)

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munications, sacrifices, and labors of all  
engaged in this work;  
Communions and rosaries every Friday  
from our two communities.  
*From Benefactors, here and abroad—*  
Several thousand Communions offered  
monthly and as many rosaries of-  
fered each week for all members of  
the Society.  
*From Missioners in the Field—*  
Two hundred Masses yearly;  
Frequent Communions and prayers of  
faithful converts.

### OFFICE OF THE SOCIETY:

MARYKNOLL: : OSSINING P. O., N. Y.

*THE FIELD AFAR* is the official organ of  
the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary.  
Checks and other payments may be  
forwarded to the Very Rev. James A.  
Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent  
upon application.

THE season of sorrow is end-  
ing and the Resurrection days  
will bring back warmth to the  
frozen earth. God has been angry  
with the world and His love  
seems to have been sleeping, but  
He watches ceaselessly and the  
sadness of our time will turn to  
joy—soon, let us hope.



WHEN you pass along a good  
book or a magazine that has  
a supernatural motive back of it,  
you are sure of one thing—you  
are doing no harm. And perhaps  
you are at that moment instru-  
mental in shaping some one's life  
to the stature of Christ.

*THE FIELD AFAR* came recently  
into the hands of a young girl  
who writes:

If I were a boy, I would soon make  
up my mind to go to Maryknoll.

Many a boy would feel the  
same way if the opportunity were  
given him to catch the mission  
spirit.



IF our people realized the gener-  
osity of the average pastor,  
they would be edified as we are.  
There is scarcely a mail that does  
not bring us a message of cheer  
and a substantial offering from  
a priest 'somewhere in the United  
States.'

Looking over our year's ac-  
counts recently, we were deeply  
impressed with the splendid and  
constantly increasing support  
given to our work by priests scat-  
tered over this country and, we  
may add, Canada, especially the  
Maritime Provinces. What ap-

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peals to us most strongly in these  
gifts, is not so much the offering  
itself, which in many cases has  
been considerable, as the influence  
that our benefactors can and  
doubtless do exercise on their peo-  
ple.

The excuse is occasionally  
given by Catholics whose atten-  
tion has been drawn to foreign  
missions, that the subject is never  
mentioned from the altar. Why,  
then, should they be expected to  
co-operate?

"Like priest, like people" is  
an old adage, and we should feel  
our helplessness to win Catholics  
of America to the world-wide  
cause of Christ, were it not for  
the gratifying and ever-extending  
influence of our American priests.



NO observant Catholic can fail  
to note the rising mission  
spirit of the Church in this coun-  
try. It has been reaching out to  
non-Catholics, to Negroes of the  
Southland and Indians of the  
West. It has spread overseas and  
to-day is strengthening the hope  
of many a care-worn bishop  
whose sources of supply have been  
cut off by the European conflu-

gration. Already thousands of hearts are beating in sympathy with the movement and in a few short years thousands more will wake, to marvel in glad surprise, let us hope, at the place occupied by Catholic America in the army of the world-wide Church.

This is no dream. The people are ready to be *missionized*. The response of those who have been touched by the Spirit, gives every needed assurance that the Catholics of America would, as a rule, welcome a participation in the mission movement. They wait naturally for the priests, and the priests wait for the bishops. And the bishops of the United States are giving unmistakable evidence of a desire, in the midst of many preoccupations, to lead their flocks from the lowlands of parochialism to heights that command all the nations. In this the bishops are actuated by a conviction that faith extending beyond home boundaries, will bring a generous measure of reward.

In our own experience hardly a week passes that does not bring proof of *active* interest in foreign missions shown by the American hierarchy. This interest is not always proclaimed in display-type, but it exists and is silently leavening the Catholic mass, appearing at times most unexpectedly and taking its place along with other important interests of the Church in America.

At the opening of Lent our exchange reader, running over the customary weekly pile, found in *The Western World*, of Des Moines, Iowa, a column of episcopal nuggets, hidden under the heading "Lenten Regulations." It was a pastoral letter by Bishop Dowling, who always 'says something worth while.'

After several practical suggestions in regard to Lenten sacrifices, Bishop Dowling writes:

The first Sunday of Lent, or the most convenient Sunday nearest to that day, is *Mission Sunday*, when a

collection should be taken up for all our missions—diocesan, national, and foreign. Following the precedent of other years, I shall keep half of what is contributed, for the needs of poor or small missions in our diocese; I hope this will have the effect of stimulating the generosity of the faithful. The national missions include the Reservation Schools among the Indians, which at present are in danger of losing the assistance that the Government once contracted to give them, and the work of supporting the Catholic parishes among the Negroes of the South.

An especially urgent appeal is made for Catholic foreign missions. This is a large subject, on which I propose at some future time to address you more particularly. All the world now looks to the Catholics of the United States to do alone what the whole Catholic world has helped to do for many a century. Our missions in Asia and Africa and in the remotest parts of the earth, for which martyrs shed their blood and the successors of the Apostles toiled in sweat and tears, are threatened with extinction. They need money; they need men. You can give the money. Give it now and give it generously. Remember, among the earliest volunteers for the Foreign Mission Seminary at Maryknoll, N. Y., was a young student of this diocese, who will soon be ordained. May his spirit of sacrifice and generosity bring down a blessing on our diocese!

\* \*

WE have read with deep interest an editorial in *Our Sunday Visitor*—the most widely circulated paper of its kind in the United States—on "Mission Collections." The writer advocates one yearly collection to replace three now taken, namely, for Negroes and Indians, for the Catholic University, and for Peter's Pence. He pleads for a *Mission Sunday*, and believes that the home and foreign mission needs, duly announced, would, if vividly presented, draw a return far in excess of that now coming from three collections, often only perfunctorily requested.

A division of the entire proceeds is suggested as follows:

We ask our readers to offer a prayer for the soul of  
Jerome Cardinal Gotti,  
late Cardinal-Prefect of Propaganda.



"He was wounded for our iniquities, He was bruised for our sins: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His bruises we are healed."—Isa. liii. 5.

To Indian and Negro Mission Boards.....	15	per cent.
To Peter's Pence.....	25	" "
To Catholic University.....	10	" "
To Catholic Church Extension Society.....	25	" "
To Propagation of the Faith.....	20	" "
To Maryknoll, Society of the Divine Word, etc..	5	" "

It is further suggested that the archbishops of the United States and one representative from each mission activity constitute a board to supervise the fund, and the editorial assures the existing organizations that they would be helped rather than hindered by the new arrangement.

The question is a vital one and too large to be answered without considerable reflection, but it is good to see it focussed so clearly and by so popular a paper as *Our Sunday Visitor*. To us the idea of a *Mission Sunday*, observed simultaneously all over the country, is very appealing, although we should not like to feel that only once in a year would our people's attention be brought to this important subject.

We need money for the missions and for missionary enterprises, but we need the prayers of the faithful and vocations, both of which should be sought frequently. And we stay-at-homes, whatever may be our rank in the Church, need the splendid stimulus which the mission spirit, exemplified and presented from the altar and from the press, gives to our faith and to our charity.

The percentages mentioned above impress us as quite fair and we at Maryknoll are glad not to

have been overlooked. We believe, too, that existing organizations would gain greatly by the strong emphasis which a *Mission Sunday*, properly observed, would give to the cause.

The success of the plan would depend, however, on the interest of the individual bishops, who in turn would sound the note for pastors, secular or religious. The people are ready—not all, of course, for some never will be. But a goodly proportion will be found gladly responsive to such an unselfish plea as that for missions.

We have been watching methods of mission co-operation here and there throughout the country, and so far the plan most interesting to us is that of the Pittsburgh Diocese. We have before us the printed copy of a letter sent out under date of February 8, 1910, by the Rt. Rev. Regis Canevin, to every pastor in the diocese of Pittsburgh, and we understand that it is substantially the same as that of the present year. We quote from this:

**Official Letter.**

Dear Father:—

1. All monies collected in this diocese for foreign or extra-diocesan missionary work, except the annual collections for the Indian and Negro Missions and the collections for the Holy Land, must be sent to the Director of the Catholic Missionary Aid Society,\* Rev. P. C. Danner.

2. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the Society of the Holy Childhood, or any similar missionary society approved by us, is not only allowed to continue, but we wish them to be encouraged and increased as much as possible; and where a generous amount is contributed by a parish through one or more of such societies, we shall not require the Catholic Missionary Aid Society to be established in any other form.

3. All the money collected in the diocese for the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, or for the Holy Childhood, or for any other extra-diocesan missionary society, unless other directions are given by the Ordinary, must be forwarded by pastors or collectors to the Director of the Catholic Missionary Aid Society, who will send the full amount to the

authorized Treasurer of the Society and missions for which it was collected. In this way the sum contributed yearly by each parish to Catholic missions will be known.

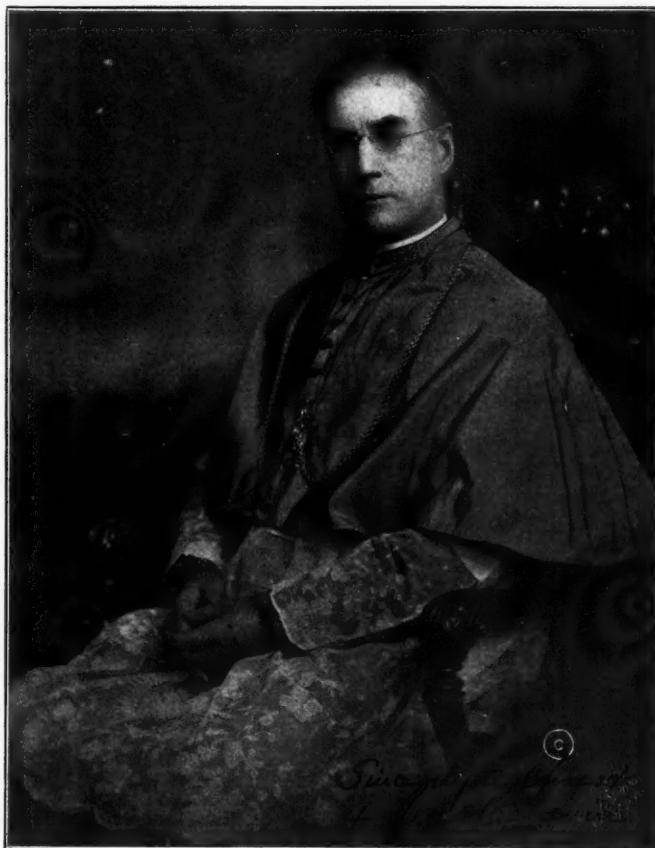
4. Pastors who prefer to take up a collection in the church, rather than to carry on the work of the Catholic Missionary Aid Society by means of parish promoters, may have a *Mission Sunday* on the first Sunday in October, when a mission sermon will be preached and a collection taken up at all the Masses for the Missionary Aid Society.

5. Every parish in the diocese, even the poorest, must contribute yearly, before December 31st, to the missionary fund, an amount not less than one-half of one per cent. of the gross receipts of the parish (loans excluded). Where the collections in church or

† YOUR FRIEND!  
† WE ARE PROPERLY AMBITIOUS  
TO HAVE 50,000 SUBSCRIBERS  
BEFORE 1916 IS OVER.  
† THESE MUST COME LARGELY  
THROUGH APPRECIATIVE READ-  
ERS.  
† WE NEED ON OUR LIST—  
† YOUR FRIEND!

through promoters do not reach that sum, it shall be made up from the church treasury.

6. The members of the Catholic Missionary Aid Society participate in the Masses, Indulgences, and other spiritual privileges and benefits promised to contributors to the Propagation of the Faith, the Catholic Church Extension Society, the Holy Childhood, the Indian and Negro Missions, the Missionary Union, and all other mission work which is assisted by this fund.



THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP OF PITTSBURGH.

\*A diocesan society.—Ed.



7. Finally, we exhort pastors to instruct and urge all their parishioners to contribute liberally to the Missionary Aid Society, for by so doing they will fulfill the law of Christ, which obliges us to help "teach all nations" and "preach the Gospel to every creature."

✠ REGIS CANEVIN,  
Bishop of Pittsburgh.

The Directors of the Missionary Aid Society are the Bishop, the Diocesan Chancellor, who actively directs the Society, and some priests selected by the Bishop. The distribution of funds is practically in the hands of the Bishop and extends to several organizations. Here, for example, are the disbursements for 1914-15:

Propagation of the Faith....	\$2,245.85
Catholic Church Extension....	13,222.77
Indian Missions.....	1,514.00
Colored Missions.....	660.00
Holy Childhood.....	1,470.12
Catholic Missionary Union....	610.00
Foreign Missions.....	1,006.50
Burma Missions.....	102.00
Capuchin Missions.....	152.00
Catholic Foreign Mission Society.....	1,055.00

We note as characteristic of the Pittsburgh plan:

1. Its truly Catholic spirit;
2. A desire not to impose any particular method or any special charity upon the individual parish. It also leaves to the diocese the distributing power, which must not only prove a helpful influence but should stimulate the several beneficiaries to make known the more widely and the more effectively their claim to subsidies.

\* \*

### A Couple of Notes.

OUR new book, like everything else that is good, is being discovered gradually. The Brooklyn Tablet reviewer is living up to his reputation for keen sight and a large heart when he writes:

Up at the new Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary the purpose of educating the Catholic public of America in the matter of its duty to the foreign missions, goes on apace. Month after month the brilliant FIELD AFAR magazine comes from the printing-press to the homes of American Catholics and

quietly fans the flames of enthusiasm. Already there is a glowing response in the material growth of this venture, while vocations among American youth and a broadened outlook on the world are even now in evidence. The monthly story of the missions, fresh from the Orient, is hardly surpassed by the bright little fictional tales that are written with an eye for propaganda.

The volume before us is the second collection of these breezy tales. It is most welcome and having a definite purpose, will, we believe, produce fruit.

The tales attributed to Fr. John Wakefield are clear and terse echoes of 'what might have been' if American Catholics were interested in the evangelization of the Orient. Some of the stories are by a Teresian of Maryknoll. These also strike home and sound as if they were founded on fact. The many dramatic incidents that daily come to our shores from China and Japan, furnish the main theme of the tales and the material is well handled.

We ask for a generous support of these charming stories. They breathe a strong love of the faith and placed in the hands of promising boys and girls, they will no doubt help to develop the seeds of vocation to the foreign missions.

*Try wearing the Chi Rho (key-roe), our Maryknoll pin, and note the inquiries it will bring forth.*

Some papers get kicked when they don't deserve it, others when they do; and more, that ought to be kicked, are coddled by the public. THE FIELD AFAR is in whatever class you wish to put it, but it has friends, as we note from this clipping, discovered in the *Catholic Citizen*, of Milwaukee:

[To the Editor.]

I beg leave to recommend in your columns a monthly publication which is not at all known as it deserves. I refer to THE FIELD AFAR, the organ of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. It costs only fifty cents a year, and pays for itself many times over by the good humor and genuine fun with which it overflows. It drives away the blues. It stands for a cause which ought to appeal to any Catholic and in which it is more than time that Catholic Americans interest themselves more generally. Since the war has crippled the European nations in their efforts to spread the Gospel among the heathen, Americans should go to the rescue and bring salvation to many abandoned souls for whom Our Lord died. Everybody can help in this work, at

### A PERPETUAL ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP

*in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America may be secured gradually in as many payments as desired, provided the sum of fifty dollars is reached within two years from the date of the first payment.*

least by prayer, and any one who can spare fifty cents will miss a great opportunity by not writing to THE FIELD AFAR, Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., N. Y. Please do it to-day.

[REV.] A. VAN SEVER,  
Grand Rapids, Wis.

Our thanks to Fr. Van Sever for his unsolicited letter. This is not the first evidence of interest we have received from Grand Rapids.

\* \*

### Other Toilers.

IF you wish to get in touch with a universal Association of Prayer, write to Rev. Daniel Duffy, S.S., of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

The Director-General of the Colored Missions will be content—so he implies—when he gathers one hundred thousand dollars a year for his work. He ought to get this amount soon, because we know that many a Catholic would gladly give a dollar a year for so worthy a charity, which lies at our doors, demanding attention.

The report of Catholic effort for Negroes and Indians during the past year makes interesting reading. Fr. Lissner, a European and a member of the Lyons African Missions, began in Georgia, nine years ago, a work which has progressed marvelously. This mission now has 9 schools, 10 churches and chapels, 5 rectories, 2 orphanages for girls, 2 convents of teaching Sisters, 11 priests, 30 Sisters, 7 lay teachers, 1,200 school-children, and 1,000 adult Catholics.

Our sealing stamps sell for ten cents a dozen.

### Here and There.

O'FALLON, Missouri.—This is one of the many post-offices controlled by our Uncle Sammy and one of which we never heard till lately.

Priest-students at the Catholic University, Washington, were told of Maryknoll at one of their evening conferences lately, by the Rev. Dr. Aiken, Professor of Apologetics, and already the seed that was dropped has borne fruit. It is a comforting reflection that our future leaders of thought are catching the spirit of missions.

The Chinese of San Francisco have a good friend in Fr. Bradley, C.S.P. We quote from a correspondent's letter:

Fr. Bradley has won great success. One kneels side by side with well-dressed, intelligent Chinese young men at every Mass. The services are all attended by prosperous-looking people, while outside the church there is a line-up of autos and a traffic policeman to prevent accidents. All this is in the Chinese quarter.

And Fr. Bradley does not do any more for their material well-being than he does for their souls.

A new subscriber writes that he is glad to discover a religious paper that *does* things, instead of wasting space in "slamming others." Now, dear reader, we appreciate the compliment, but really, if you allude to Catholic papers, we must say that our own experience does not agree with yours. We receive about a hundred and fifty such publications each week and we find that gentleness characterizes the greater number of them. Of course here and there we come upon a 'slammer' with a rough-edged axe that splits nothing evenly, but even Catholic editors are not saints. We have yet to learn that one got so far as to be declared *Venerable*, except in a worldly sense.



### From the Print-Shop.

WE have received from 'some place in China' four paper-covered books containing more or less than four hundred thousand Chinese ideographs, no one of which we can read. We recommend these volumes as highly as they deserve. Copies may be secured by applying to the publisher, whose name either does not appear or is disguised in a frame of miniature laundry-checks.

This much being noted, we would express our belief that the books before us are the product of some Chinese Catholic enterprise, because we have discovered in one of the volumes the interesting picture which we reproduce on this page.

New songs do not ordinarily interest us, but we welcome the chance to say a good word for *What an Irishman Means* by *Ma-chree*, Fr. Francis P. Donnelly's exquisite lyric which has lately been set to music. It is published by Leo Feist, Inc., New York City.

### TO TRAIN AN APOSTLE.

If you wish to establish, or to help establish, a free scholarship for the Seminary at Maryknoll or for our Apostolic School, see page 64.

We are reading in our refectory *Holy Land and Holy Writ*, by Rev. J. T. Durward, who has kindly sent us two copies of his excellent book. It is a volume of 800 pages, with 200 illustrations and 2 maps. It sells for \$4.00 and may be purchased directly from the author, whose address is Baraboo, Wis.

*The Wondrous Childhood of the Mother of God* is the title of a thoughtful and attractive book that has come to us from the Convent of the Good Shepherd at Peekskill, N. Y. It is a translation of a devotional work written by Blessed John Eudes. The price is \$1.50, prepaid. Address Good Shepherd Convent, Peekskill, N. Y.

Very suggestive is a pamphlet entitled *Introduction to Catholic Reading*, published by the America Press. It is the work of Rev. J. Havens Richards, S.J., and while disclaiming any attempt at completeness, it gives a helpful list of Catholic publications. We are glad to note that the field of "Missions and Missionaries" is not overlooked in this catalogue.

*The New Missal*, by Fr. Lamsance, is a very complete little manual, written in English. Its use should prove especially helpful to the laity, leading them to an intelligent appreciation of the Mass by enabling them to follow the prayers of the Church itself, than which none can be more devotional or more inspiring. The book is published by Benziger Bros.



WE owe special thanks to the following missionaries, who have recently sent us letters and photographs:

**CHINA—**  
Fr. Didace Arcaud, Chefoo.

**INDO-CHINA—**  
Very Rev. Fr. Cothonay, Lang-Son.

**JAPAN—**  
Fr. Heinrich, Tokyo.

**OCEANIA—**  
Fr. Guinard, Fiji Islands.

**PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—**  
Fr. Laurence Rogan, Iloilo.

We are grateful for letters from:

**CHINA—**  
Bishop Paris, Shanghai; Fr. Joseph O'Leary, Kia-Shing; Fr. Joseph M. Ouang, Ping-hu; Fr. John Mao, Chu-Chow; Fr. Verhaeghe, Shanghai.

**INDIA—**  
Fr. Gretler, Khandala; Fr. Merkes, Madras; Fr. Benedict, Mirusuvil.

**JAPAN AND KOREA—**  
Bishop Demange, Taikou; Fr. Calixte Gélinas, Asahigawa.

**OCEANIA—**  
Bishop Douceré, New Hebrides; Bishop Vidal, Fiji Islands; Fr. Maxime, Molokai.

**PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—**  
Fr. Schipman, Bayombong; Fr. Gercke, Nueva Cáceres.

#### KOREA AND JAPAN.

Bishop Demange, of Taikou, writes:

This terrible war is being so prolonged that I begin to despair. If it continues, it will mean the ruin of many missions. We certainly hope that American Catholics will realize how dependent we have been on Europe.

Fr. Heinrich, S.M., who gives us every year two Masses for our benefactors and our work, wrote under date of February 5 that just then the Papal Envoy, Msgr. Petrelli, was in Tokyo. He had come to present the felicitations of our Holy Father to the Emperor of Japan on the occasion of his accession to the throne. Our correspondent adds:

The distinguished prelate is regarded as an imperial guest: Yesterday he was received in audience by His Majesty,

who conferred on him the highest Order of the Rising Sun. This deference paid by a pagan country to the representative of the Pope, a sovereign without temporal power, cannot fail to exert a happy influence on the spirit of the people. The Pope now counts in their eyes as 'some one.'

#### THE FIJI ISLANDS.

The Fiji Islands have welcomed Bishop Vidal, S.M., on his return from America. The Bishop writes that he has an excellent memory of his visit to this coun-



FR. HELLIET, WHO RECENTLY VISITED AMERICA WITH BISHOP VIDAL, S.M.

try and especially of his call at Maryknoll.

Bishop Vidal is French to the marrow of his bones, but he was accompanied on that occasion by a German priest. Fortunately both were too Catholic to be on anything but the most friendly terms.

Young men who desire to enter Maryknoll, as candidates for the Seminary or for the Vénard Apostolic School (our preparatory course), or as Auxiliary Brothers, should make application now.

The Field Afar will be sent for one year to <i>anyone</i> address:			
10 copies (12 issues) for	\$4.00		
25 " " "	10.00		
50 " " "	20.00		
100 " " "	40.00		

#### CEYLON AND INDIA.

A native priest writes from Jaffna:

You may tell the budding apostles at Maryknoll that there are black priests, too, who are praying for them and that from the time I began to receive THE FIELD AFAR, I have made it a point never to forget the new Seminary at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. May Almighty God send His choicest blessings upon you all and may Our Immaculate Mother never cease to intercede for you!

We are neutral, because we are Catholic, and we know that even our pro-ally readers appreciate and strive to realize in themselves this spirit. Most of our correspondents in the field are French, because the greater number of our missionaries belong to that nation, but here are a few lines from a German Jesuit which should attract sympathy:

Please cancel my copy of THE FIELD AFAR. I was much delighted with your sprightly little journal and wish you all success—but I am one of the interned German Jesuit Fathers, waiting now for further orders of the British Government. Whether we shall or shall not return to Europe, God alone knows.

The genial Vicar-General of Madras, Msgr. Merkes, is back in India after an unexpected sojourn in Europe, where for months he suffered from a severe illness. He writes:

At last I am in Madras again. Holland, America, Italy, and England all seem like a dream to me—and America a very pleasant one.

Things over here are in a deplorable condition as far as mission work is concerned. We have lost priests and financial support, and prices are getting higher. But God in His infinite goodness also consoles His missionaries and gives the grace of conversion to hundreds of heathen.

You can imagine that a great amount of work was waiting for me.



when I returned. It will take me months to bring things up to date again. At the same time I am very anxious to visit my old mission of Guntur, but I shall have to practice patience.

For the present week we shall be without European mail, as the steamer *Persia*, with 22,000 bags of mail, has been lost. This brings the war home to us here in India.

#### CHINA.

There is a missionary in the diocese of Shantung, Fr. Eugene Pandellé, who likes to look back to some exciting experiences in the days of the Boxer rebellion and who cherishes the memory of his relations at that time with Yuan-Shi-Kai. Writing of this veteran apostle, Fr. Arcaud says:

Although he has been thirty years in China, he is still well and strong enough to work for a long time yet. During the Boxer troubles he remained in the midst of his Christians, several times risking his life in order to afford them the consolations of our holy religion. Yuan-Shi-Kai, who was then governor of Shantung, sent him two long telegrams, summoning him to take refuge in Chefoo. Fr. Eugene, trusting in Divine Providence, would not obey, and by remaining with the Christians prevented many of them from apostatizing. He even moved in the midst of the Boxers without their recognizing him.

To-day when we speak to Fr. Eugene of the telegrams that he received from Yuan-Shi-Kai, he smiles. But he is nevertheless a great admirer of the first President of the Chinese Republic and believes him to be the man of the hour.

They have landed. The two wise men from Ireland who spent one short night at Maryknoll on their flight to the Far East, reached Shanghai safely, were met by Fr. Galvin, formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., and have settled down to learn the celestial language.

We have received this good news from Fr. Joseph O'Leary, who, after stating that he cannot do without *THE FIELD AFAR*, proceeds to throw a few balls at the Editor's woolly head, simply because the babies' ages were mixed. Let it be understood, then, that

Fr. O'Leary was only 'a six months' old' when he set out for China, and that Fr. O'Reilly had nine years of the priesthood back of him.

Fr. O'Leary writes:

I had a good laugh at what you said about 'Plain Patrick O'Reilly' and myself. Fr. O'Reilly is no longer 'Plain Patrick.' He now has a big Chinese name of several words. 'Patrick' is unintelligible to the Chinese and of course 'O'Reilly' is. The nearest approach they can make to the latter is 'O'Leilly.'

By this time you have received plenty of bags of sand, I am sure, and so there is no use in my sending any from China. Later on I shall send you a little bag of news about the missions in our district. At present I am studying the language, which is by no means easy. I am told that there are several dialects here—a fact which may be very interesting to a student of languages but does not appeal to me. The Chinese have a certain amount of pity for me in my efforts to learn their language and of course, when I am not present, they feel pity for their dear language, which gets so badly mutilated.

"I never fail to fulfill my promise of hearing Mass and offering up my Holy Communion for your work every Friday."—So writes a good friend in Chefoo—one of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary—and we know that our readers will be interested in the rest of her letter:

This terrible war is making it very hard for the missions, not only by cutting off all resources from Europe, but also by depriving us of so many priests who have been called to the front. "When will they be replaced?" is the question we are asking daily.

Yet I feel confident that God is using the war to rouse American Catholics to a more ardent zeal for the missions, so as to induce them to do in some measure what American Protestants are doing for their co-religionists here. Oh, how much could be accomplished if we had the means! If we could only support a sufficient number of Christians to visit the homes of the poor heathen and meet the women who never go out, we should be able to convert whole families. Here is an example.

For some time past we have had a man in our service, helping in the hospital. Being a pagan from the country, he knew next to nothing of religion, but in time he became in-

*For those who would remember Maryknoll in their wills, we print our legal title:*

**CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INCORPORATED.**

terested in our faith and expressed a desire for instruction. Alas! there was an obstacle in the way of his progress. His wife and five children hated Christianity and regarded Christians as devils.

The man was struck with the idea of sending for his family, in the hope that if his wife lived here, she might be won over. They arrived—and it is understood that we are to pay their expenses. On seeing the Sisters, the mother and children were seized with a fit of frenzy and had to be sent off to the house of a neighboring Christian in order to be pacified. After some days the children calmed down, but the mother is still very nervous in our presence. The ice is broken, however, and I feel sure that when all difficulties have been surmounted, the family will become fervent Christians.

This case is typical of hundreds, nay thousands. People who live miles away in the interior, where a missionary rarely, if ever, penetrates, know nothing of us or our religion. Oh, there is still an enormous amount of work to be done in China!

*If you are quite certain that you will not need the principal and if you have decided to leave it to charity, don't hold on to your money. We are in a position to take it from you, sending you interest semi-annually or quarterly. Or, if you prefer, turn it over to some other well-organized charity in which you are especially interested. Or—divide it. Be the executor of your own will and you won't have to make one.*



## THE ROGANS.

Here they are—the whole Rogan family! And here is a letter from Rogan No. 1—Fr. Laurence, in the Philippines—that is sure of a welcome:

By this mail I am sending you a photo which I know you will like—the family group of the Rogans. It was taken towards the end of 1903.

Our dear mother died in 1896, when I, the eldest, was but twelve years old. Our father never remarried, but brought up the whole family himself—and this though he was always stationed in military posts. We were all born and raised in the British army, yet, strange to say, instead of joining the Inniskilling Dragoons or the Irish Guards, one by one the boys enlisted under the colors of Christ and became His soldiers, chosen by Him to do outpost duty and reconnoitering in His fields afar.

Our friend, the poet, was born in Gibraltar—on the Rock—and in one of the lessons of the office which he is compiling for himself and which is to be inserted in the breviary after he is laid to rest—if poets ever do rest—he describes himself thus: "*Petrus, natione Hibernicus et super hanc petram quae Gibraltar vocatur natus, relictis patre et relictis, secutus est Dominum.*"—And so it goes on. I often read in THE FIELD AFAR of "Lives of Modern Martyrs." Well, if this isn't a modern saint, who in his own lifetime writes the lessons of the office to be said in his honor! I wonder if he has composed the hymns yet.

My father lives all alone now in dear old Ireland, hale and hearty, very happy, getting on towards seventy but hard at work every day. Though his house and farm are situated three miles from the Camp Church, he never fails, winter or summer, to be at daily Mass. This has been his practice for years, and for years, too, he has been a daily communicant. God has rewarded him by calling his whole family to His special service—a terrible sacrifice for him, humanly speaking, particularly when his last solace, his only daughter, whom he thought he would have by him always, likewise heard the Divine Voice and entered the enclosed order of the Redemptoristines. Even very good people used to remonstrate with him and say that he should not let *all* go, but he would calmly answer, "God has given me these children; if He wants them for Himself, He shall have them"—words

"Peter, Irish by race and born on the rock (*petram*) which is called Gibraltar, leaving his father and his nets, followed the Lord."

which indicate a wonderful appreciation of the Divine Will. May God be praised for His great goodness to us!

The good old FIELD AFAR comes to me regularly. It reaches my dear father, too, and he enjoys it. I saw in it recently that some good soul was inquiring if the Rogan brothers had gone on vacation, as nothing had been heard from them of late. By no means have we gone on vacation—and do please tell that good soul—and

others—how badly I am in need of a house.

I am alone, ministering as pastor to fifteen thousand native Catholics of the toughest type you could ever wish to meet in a journey around the world. They are, for the greater part, made up of the rag-tag and bobtail, the cast-offs and 'lavins' of three or four neighboring provinces. Not being wanted in their own places, they dump themselves down in the slums of *Iloilo*, hoping to get work at the port or, failing that, to rob, plunder, and the like. These, then, are my 'chicks,'



THE FAMILY OF ROGAN.

Standing:	Joseph, Student at Freshfield.	Fr. Peter, Missioner in Uganda.	Fr. William, Professor at Freshfield.	Fr. James, Missioner in Old Providence Island.
Sitting:	Fr. Laurence, Missioner in the Philippines.	Mr. P. Rogan, Co. Kildare, Ireland.	Kathleen (Sr. M. Seraphina), Dublin.	



mostly a bunch of 'baptized haythens.'

I have a pretty fair church here, but no house. At present I am renting the top part of a wooden structure. The owner and his family live underneath, running a provision store there, and things are lively at times. As for the rats—well, they're so used to me now that they talk with a brogue. And for this treat I pay twelve and a half American dollars a month. Now I know you are begging yourself and I am not rushing an appeal on you. I only ask you to pass it along to the good souls who wonder whether the Rogan brothers are on vacation.

Just as we go to press, we receive from Africa the glad news that Fr. Peter Rogan is rapidly recovering from his recent illness.—Ed.

#### THE CANAL ZONE AND THE PHILIPPINES.

One of our friends, Fr. P. J. Burns, C.M., formerly at St. John's College, Brooklyn, is on duty in the Canal Zone, where he assures us there is a splendid opportunity for missionary work. Forty-two nationalities are represented among the employees on the Canal and in the diocese there are 50,000 pagan Indians.

Maryknoll will not send lines out to the Canal Zone, but we hope that priests will soon be supplied for a great and urgent need that certainly exists there.

A storm in the Philippines

### Thirty Thousand Miles of Doggrel.

By Fr. Thomas Gavan Duffy.

#### JAPAN.

The task is now before me  
Of writing about Japan;  
And I hear the Ed. implore me  
To be as quick as I can.

So I burn the pages and pages  
I wrote on the way across,  
And inflict on the dust of ages  
Irreparable loss.

The total of impression  
Is nutshelled thus at ease:  
Japan I liked to obsession,  
But not the Japanese.

The scene is an exquisite series  
Of dainty cameos,  
Fit home for delicate fairies,  
Shunning the grandiose;

As if Nature had passed this island  
In some poetic mood,  
And just reflected her smile and  
Rhythm on field and wood....

But she was not writing an epic  
And revelling in her might;  
It was in some dreamy lyric  
That Nippon saw the light.

But her people? Let me shyly  
Feel my way in the mist,  
Unskilled as I am in the wily  
Art of the euphemist.

They are brave in battle.—Granted.  
They are smiling Stoics.—Perhaps.  
But I was not much enchanted  
With the home-life of the Japs.

Their courtesy dazzles to blindness—  
This everyone allows;  
But the milk of human kindness  
Is no mere matter of bows.

Their clothes are graceful and speckless,

Their smile will not come off;  
But their pride is huge and reckless  
And tempts the scoffer to scoff.

Their trade? I am not a trader,  
But from what I have heard and seen,  
They seldom call a spade a  
Spade, but a digging machine.

In theology they nibble,  
In mental fields they browse,  
In politics they quibble,  
In pravity carouse.

Their towns are grey and gloomy,  
But very modern indeed,  
With streets both straight and roomy,  
Where reckless trolleys speed;

Where the houses are screened from vision  
By forests of telegraph-posts,  
For the Japs, who hate derision,  
Are for Science at all costs.

Among this nation of cynics  
The Church is hard at work,  
But in other-world mechanics  
A Jap could take points from a Turk.

\* \* \* \*

Now is the last link broken  
Between myself and the East;  
Like one from a dream awoken,  
I stretch....and all has ceased.

O world where thinking and willing  
Are equally taboo,  
May God, while away I'm dwelling,  
Change either me or you!

(Maryknoll.)

seems to be no make-believe affair, if we may judge by the testimony of Fr. Finnemann, whose house and chapel were recently dashed to the ground. He writes:

It was three o'clock in the morning when my house was destroyed. I was inside, and without the special help of God I would have been killed by the falling posts. Covered with a blanket, bare-headed and bare-footed, I fled from the ruins. The storm was so severe that I could scarcely walk in the darkness of the night, but at last I found shelter in a small native house where seven families were gathered.

The next morning I saw that not only my dwelling but also the chapel was destroyed. About noon the rain stopped and I went to look at the ruins. Of all the furniture in the house and chapel, one chair was saved. My books were soaked with water and my papers had been carried away by the wind. Even the Mass-wine was destroyed.

Now I am without a house and without a church. I say Mass in a native house, where I live together with the two families who occupy it. But do not despair. I trust in Our Lord and in the good friends He will send me.

*Field Afar Tales is a very attractive book and for only sixty cents it will be sent to any address.*

#### A True Story in Three Chapters.

##### I.

(From a letter to Maryknoll, dated April, 1914.)

Rev. dear Father:—

By the 1st of next October I hope to send you five hundred dollars which I have decided to give to your Seminary, to be divided between two burses.

— N. M.

##### II.

(November, 1914.)

Rev. dear Father:—

I promised your work five hundred dollars in October, but shall still have to delay it.

— N. M.

##### III.

(January, 1915.)

Reverend Father:—

N. M. tried to tell me on her dying bed about the money she had laid aside for Maryknoll. She was anxious that you should get it, but the end was sudden and she died without making a will. As she had no relatives, her money is going to the State. She was rather slow about doing things.

— F. M.

## Father Edmund's Bell.

By a Teresian.



**I**T was the Angelus hour. The deepening twilight stillness was broken only by the rhythmic tread of the donkeys as they bore their light burden across the narrow, uncertain bamboo bridge. Fr. Edmund, feeling more secure on his own feet than in the *kiao*, had dismounted when he reached the bridge and was experiencing all the delights of uncramped limbs as he drank in deep draughts of the fresh spring air.

The crossing of the bridge meant, too, that he was nearing 'home' after a three weeks' visitation in his extensive Chinese district, and he was strangely happy. Never before had he been so conscious of God's mercy. He had found the missions struggling under unusual privations that one moment filled his paternal heart with sadness and at another thrilled him with joy. Wherever God's hand had fallen heavily, His Holy Spirit seemed to hover, comforting constant souls with love, strengthening the wavering, and opening the doors of grace to the unbelieving.

The little procession halted as the sweet tones of the Angelus

echoed through the valley. This was to Fr. Edmund more than a call to evening prayer; it was like the voice of a beloved child breathing forth a welcome to him.

The bell, swung in the little belfry of his church, had been sent to him by the children of his native village, a sun-kissed spot in Southern France which had witnessed the birth and the fulfillment of his desire to 'go the whole way for souls.' He thought of his young friends now—some of them, perhaps, at the front, and all of them suffering from the fearful scourge that was harassing the land. Did the bell sound plaintive or was it only the passing shadow of his momentary gloom that made it seem so? Whatever the case, he offered up the prayers for his benefactors and passed on to the shelter of his house.

The foreign mail had come during his absence and he hastily opened two letters which he selected from it, the one from the Paris Seminary and the other from the Lyons Propagation of the Faith. Both held news he had fearfully expected yet hoped would not come. His beloved Seminary was destitute and crippled, while the coffers of the Lyons Society were so low that

the pittance it could send was nothing in face of his needs.

Fr. Edmund did not think of himself, but of his faithful flock who trusted implicitly in him. They would gather soon for the evening rosary and he decided he would tell them all and permit them to share intimately with him this hour of trial.

He chose as a text: "*For whom the Lord loveth, He chastiseth; and He scourgeth every son whom He receiveth*" (Heb. xii. 6), and simply he explained to them the great affliction which had befallen the missions through the war. They would have God's grace alone to keep them now and he begged them—not vainly—to remain steadfast.

It was not long before the new condition of affairs was common talk, and perhaps the scoffing of the pagans and the complacency of the secure non-Catholic Christians served only to fortify Fr. Edmund's loyal flock.

One evening shortly after the announcement, just as the Angelus was wafting its unfailing message to the faithful, Chin-Foo, one of the most prominent men of the village, presented himself at the priest's house. His kindly face was yet unlighted by grace and Fr. Edmund was surprised at this first evidence of cordiality from one he had known by reputation for years.

Chin explained that he had heard of the embarrassment of the mission and had come to offer relief. But Fr. Edmund's silent *Te Deum* was quickly changed to the *Miserere* as the stranger went on to say that he wished to buy the bell which rang out so sweetly and

which was the only one of its kind in that whole region. He had long coveted it, but this was the first chance he had had to seek it.

Sell the bell! Fr. Edmund's anger rose at the very mention of it. At last he managed, almost breathlessly, to tell the history of the bell and what it meant to the life of the parish. Chin-Foo must see very plainly how absurd was his request. No, the bell could not be sold. So the truly unwelcome guest departed, saying as he left, "Most honorable Priest, my offer is still open. The bell will yet be mine."

Poor Fr. Edmund was distracted. Earlier in the day he had tried to figure how he could possibly sustain his central mission, not to mention the outlying ones, on the few dollars he could command. And here was a very devil's solution of part of his problem.

He spent a restless night. The end of his Mass found him as worried as when he arose, and finally he stole away from it all to a secret nook in the stern cliff that he had learned to love well and where he had settled more than one 'big fight.'

He knew his needs but—he loved the bell. It was like God's voice reminding His flock that He was always with them. How many were the curious ones whom it had lured to services and who had gone away to return faithfully at its every call thereafter! What peace and comfort it had brought to the sick! And then, too, it was the breath of home to him. How could he part with such a treasure?

So wrapped was the priest in his thoughts, that he was not con-

scious of the rattling pebbles, disturbed by a pair of little bare feet as a small boy cautiously made his way towards him. An arm about his neck and a soft cheek pressed against his own startled him. Then he found himself listening as the child said: "Forgive me, most honorable Father, for following you, but my mother is so sick, and she needs you. And my illustrious father says we cannot keep the babies longer. Oh, please come!" Fr. Edmund did not hesitate, but clasping the little fellow's hand, made his way up the steep slope.

The family of Francis Fong was an unusual one, the father being a pagan, the mother and children, Christians. Already there were seven hungry mouths to be fed from a not too full cupboard,

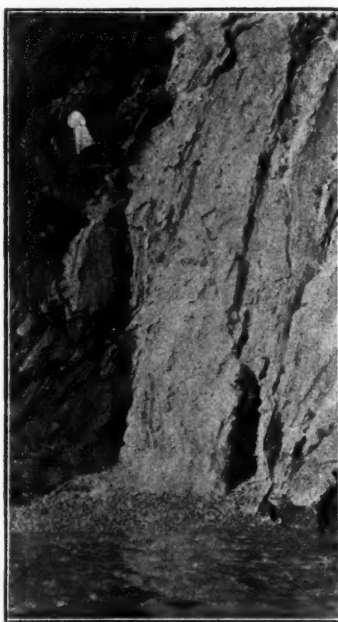
when the twins, Antonia and John, came, and Mr. Fong, deciding they were two too many, ordered the mother to get rid of them. It was then that Fr. Edmund had promised to provide for them if Mr. Fong would accept the offer. The Chinaman had been glad to take it, but alarmed at the recent rumors of the missionary's poverty, he was not willing to assume the care of the unfortunate little ones.

Before the priest and the boy had reached the house, Fr. Edmund's sacrifice had been made. And he left the mother rejoicing with her babes. A few hours later, after the Angelus—a veritable swan-song to the poor priest—the bell was exchanged for the cruel, hard money which Mr. Fong had made the price of his children's lives.

Fr. Edmund found consolation in the thought that he had saved two souls for God and turned a mother's sorrow into joy. Yet the days dragged heavily without the bell's sweet tones. At last came Holy Week, rich with the mysteries of Christ's love. Each day had brought its own peculiar graces and Holy Saturday was at hand.

The long ceremonies over, Mass had begun, and as Fr. Edmund started the *Gloria*, the church resounded with the tinkling sanctuary bells. But what was that rising clear and high above it all? Was the priest dreaming? No, it was the bell, his bell, pealing forth its hymn of joy.

And only later, after Fr. Edmund had pressed his cheek against the bell and held it close to his heart, did he learn the wonderful story of its return. Chin-



"A secret nook in the stern cliff that he had learned to love well and where he had settled more than one 'big fight.'"  
(Photo sent by Fr. Arcaud.)

Foo himself told it, as on his knees he begged for forgiveness and asked to be instructed. The bell, he said, seemed to be calling him always from the faith of his fathers and he wished to shut the noise out from his ears. But he found that the same voice which sounded through the bell, spoke to his heart when the other was silent, and peace had not come till he resolved to return the bell and seek advice from the priest.

That evening, when the Angelus ushered in the glorious Easter-tide, there was no happier man in all China than Fr. Edmund. The bell seemed to whisper to him: "*I will not leave thee, neither will I forsake thee.*"

A post-card will bring you a mite box.

### The Toilers at Maryknoll.

MANUAL labor hour at Maryknoll is a care-free period for all except those who do not work. The bell gathers the toilers at eleven o'clock every week-day morning except Wednesday, which is a holiday. On the holiday (!) the call comes earlier, so as to allow more time for the pleasure of working. And a pleasure it is—from cutting meat in the Seminary cellar to sawing branches in the tree-tops.

Our students as a rule exchange their cassocks at this period for garments that make more for efficiency than for art. *Khaki*, blue jeans, an ill-fitting Prince Albert frock coat, or a butcher's linen jacket—"any old thing," in fact, will do for manual labor.

Some occupations, such as mowing hay, are proper to the season, but others, like cutting hair, remain always popular. Only a few talented students, however, are allowed to practice the barber's art, and for indoor, serious cases we have a special chair, which may be

turned without difficulty into an operating-table. Shaving another is not permitted by the rule, but other forms of torture used by the head operators are not punished. Every one is his own shampooer and is privileged to cut his own hair if he will.

This may sound ridiculous to some of our readers, but we actually had at Maryknoll a man who habitually cut, or attempted to cut, his own hair. He was neither a student nor an auxiliary, but he served us faithfully in many capacities, especially as cow-catcher and as a kind of shuttlecock between St. Teresa's down on the road and the Seminary on the Knoll.

*Mit* was the name of this remarkable person, who could trim what hair he had, play any chess-expert into a corner, jig as if he wore O'Saloon's rubber heels (and soles) and—let us whisper it—fall into an ecstasy at a moment's notice. He is no longer with us, but he still lives, waiting to be discovered—if he is not already 'hooked.'

We have had quite a procession of 'helpers' at Maryknoll. Among them was one of Fr. Paul's *Brothers Christopher*, who managed to keep our fires going and do sundry other work for two months—at a not unreasonable wage. He went out one day in a blinding snow-storm, to "see the doctor," and—he never came back.

Sometime, perhaps, we will give our readers a little motion-picture outline of "Helpers who have Gone Beyond." This might be followed by "Cooks that have Passed in the Night"—the *night* being understood as the dark period of our formation days.

Our students—and we say it to their everlasting credit—will work under any kind of foreman, and while they do not always surprise us with marvelous accomplishment, they are like busy bees till

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(Fr. Judge, S.J.)

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Ossining New York

the stroke of noon. Perhaps if a salary faced them on Saturday night and if we were a government corporation, time—and legs—might hang more heavily.

We never knew, until we got into the slaughtering business, how much labor there is in preparing a frozen animal for the cook, and as we watch the process occasionally, we have a fear that our seminarians may become as heartless as their disemboweled victims. The two present *villains*, however, are among the gentlest of the gentle, and if the eye of either fires, it is only the flash that reveals a smile.

We must not omit to mention an unusual happening that occurred since we last tried to keep our customers' trade. We refer to the arrival of a pair of mules. Yes, two of the finest mules that we ever owned, are with us—actually in our barn—eating our hay and other things provided by your generous forethought.

Perhaps you will remember—you who read this paper with glue-dimmed eyes—that we asked for a horse. Did we expect an answer? No, but we got one, and it came through a young lady whose name is widely known to a certain class of our readers, but whose charity is of the apostolic kind that dreads to be heralded with trumpet.

The Y. L. wrote that we might have a mule for the asking, and with joy in his heart and hand on his check-book, the Treasurer conveyed the glad news to *Brother Farmer*, who was on the edge of



a trade. This worthy, who talks from his boots and with a drawl that has deeply impressed the few genuine natives of Westchester County, immediately assumed the attitude of a horse-trader and did not manifest enthusiasm. He admitted, however, that a good mule 'might be better than a horse' and he condescendingly decided to think the matter over between a class on the History of Religion and one in French.

*Brother Farmer* certainly looked that gift-mule in the mouth, almost down to its hoofs. Finally, provided it met certain conditions—notably, that it was possessed of youth and gentle manners—he agreed to take it. Then he thoughtfully added in all seriousness: "If that mule is O. K., it would be better to have your friends give us *two*."

And the friends *did*. But the Editor of this paper will have to force his courage the next time he squarely faces the Y. L. in question or her large-hearted father, from whom we suspect this generous gift has come.

The Vénard School looks quite fine in the new stone house which it occupies temporarily. The boys have appropriated almost every curio we possess, decorating walls and book-shelves so that the study-hall has the appearance of a museum.

A sunny corner-room that was set aside as an infirmary, proved especially popular for a while, but at this writing all hands are on deck and singing merrily. These aspirant apostles may yet whistle low, when the time comes to leave Maryknoll and be pioneers in *the-Lord-knows-where*,\* but we feel that most of them will meet the test successfully.

Two additions have been made to our student body since the opening of the present term. One is a graduate of Georgetown College,

\*See col. 1, next page.



AFTER THE LAWNS ARE M.O.WED.  
(Slightly suggestive, we confess, of another institution, not far away.)

Washington, D. C., the other an ex-Anglican, at one time a peripatetic (we mean no harm) quasi-minister in India.

Our quarters are limited and as other students have had to crowd a pair of tables, a couple of beds, and four human legs into one room, these two new-comers were given a similar opportunity and

told to fight it out. So far they have made no noise and the little world here seems to smile on and for them.

We haven't written much about *Brother Thomas*, because we did not wish to spoil him. But as he is in danger just now of being spoiled by some of our good



A SEMINARIAN-BARBER GETTING EVEN WITH HIS PROFESSOR.

friends in Scranton, we think it wise to try our own hand on him first.

Brother Thomas, whose last name, for the present, is his first, is one of our auxiliaries, who came to us when we lived between a bird-cage and a tent at Hawthorne, N. Y. When at Maryknoll, he is engaged in varied occupations, like every other Knoller, but spends much of his time in our mail-order department. Once he tried to run the *Tin Can* and succeeded in dropping it into a new sewer-ditch, the only hole he could find on the property.

As a former telephone clerk in one of the great newspaper offices of New York City, Brother Thomas has conversed with some of the most notable men and women of our benighted age. But as a loyal supporter of Maryknoll and all that goes with it—*THE FIELD AFAR*, *A Modern Martyr*, *Other Books*, *Land-Slips*, *Sand-Slips*, *Burse-Cards*, *Mite Boxes*, and *Chi Rho Pins*—he can hold his own against any one, and the Catholic people of Scranton are falling one by one under his magnetic touch. He will return to the home nest for Eastertide, bringing back pleasant memories of his experiences in the Wyoming Valley—and a list of new subscribers.

Since Brother Thomas went out to save *FIELD AFAR* readers from the awful fate of 'discontinuance' and to bring joy to many who had not known the paper, a new auxiliary has appeared at Maryknoll. The last-comer is waiting anxiously to meet some one who can tell him how Maryknoll looked as a baby.

*Extra! Extra! Extra!*  
*Important Postscript.*

We have purchased at

Clark's Green, Pa.,

a very desirable site for the Vénard Apostolic School. Clark's Green is only about six miles from Scranton and in a later issue we shall have the pleasure of describing our new property. Just now we are trying to find something more necessary than words. Can you help us?

### The Doctor's Column.



"THE Doctor" comes to Maryknoll regularly to conduct his weekly class and aspirants who have not yet received a First Aid Certificate to flash before unsuspecting natives in some far-off land, will soon be provided with one. "The Doctor" is also teaching our students how to fit window-glass to any human eye.

Our medical course is really quite serious. It will prove extremely helpful, especially after the present stage is over. Just now there is a tendency to diagnose so learnedly that every pain rings an alarm-clock and every pimple furnishes a button to press for a 'hurried call.' We are tempted occasionally to add to the litany: "From half a doctor, O Lord, deliver us!" But this, let it be understood, does not refer to the instructor. We need him.

A Mill Hill priest in India writes thus on the subject of doctors and the foreign missions:

The salary of a native doctor out here—and certified native doctors are often more clever than Europeans—would not supply the necessities of life to a Westerner.

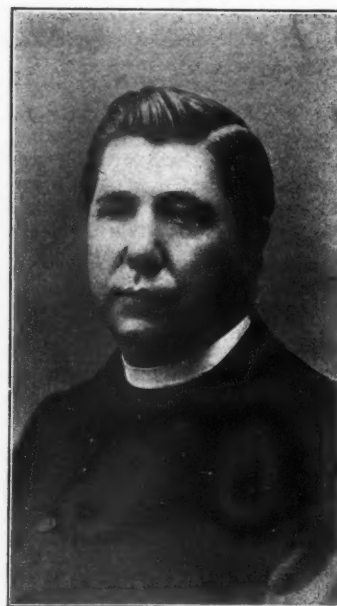
A priest-doctor would be invaluable. Practically all missionaries practice the art of healing and a real Æsculapius among them would be a godsend. He should not be sent to a half-Europeanized place where doctors are at a discount, but be put among a crowd of *padres* in a wild, jungly district. Here he could not only cure his brother priests when sick, but he could also be consulted by them on the use of medicine.

*Don't burn your Field Afar. Pass it along. If you can find no one else to take it, return it to us. We ran out of the January issue and have had many calls for extra copies.*

### Help and Helpers.

THE Manhattanville Alumnae Association of New York (Sacred Heart Academy) is interested in the support of a Maryknoll aspirant and it has planned, with this end in view, a *musical*, which will take place on April 28, at the Biltmore Hotel, New York City. Our apostle-in-the-making will not appear; in fact, he is as yet unaware that he is the beneficiary and he would not feel at home at the Biltmore. But he hopes, and we hope, that the *musical*, which, we learn, has been excellently organized, will bring a goodly addition to the Seminary Fund.

To Canon Norris, of Ladysbridge, Castlemartyr, County Cork, Ireland, we have been indebted for several kindnesses in recent years and we hope that he will forgive us if we print his latest letter. When the ocean is be-



THE LATE VERY REV. FERDINAND STICK, M.R., OF HIGHLAND, ILL., WHO LEFT FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS TO THE C. F. M. S. OF AMERICA.

tween us, we can afford to presume. Canon Norris writes:

I read with great delight *THE FIELD AFAR* and am charmed with its record of successes. Who needs the best novel, when he can read of burses and land-slides, of *Brother Hennerly*, of Fr. Rogan, of yourself and your Teresians, your bread baskets and cement bags! How can I patronize one more than another? Please accept as an offering from old Ireland the enclosed fifty dollars, to which I attach no conditions. Use it as best you can, for the welfare of Maryknoll, for the benefit of the foreign missions, for the honor of God, and the glory of America.

An annuity has been secured from a priest of the Boston Archdiocese who desires that the amount he has deposited, five thousand dollars, shall be known as the *Archbishop Williams Catechist Fund*. Our benefactor will receive during his lifetime a regular income from the bonds which he has delivered to us, and after his death the yearly interest will be used to support one or more catechists on the mission field assigned to our Society.

To the parish of Albion (Buffalo Diocese), which has lately offered to meet the expenses of one of our students, we have assigned a young man—a native of New York State—now in his second year of Theology. This aspirant apostle has written a letter of thanks to Fr. Sullivan, who has communicated its contents to his parishioners.

*Did you ever!* Here is a man from the shades of Plymouth Rock, who sends for a Maryknoll pin in the hope that by wearing it on the lapel of his coat, he 'might be lucky enough to find a wife, this beying leep year.'

*Answers to questions anticipated:*

1. Yes, we forwarded it.
2. No, we have no matrimonial agency at Maryknoll.
3. He is at large.

#### New Subscribers:

Ordinary .....	185
Associate .....	168
Total .....	353*

"It is impossible up here in Canada to get a cent for anything except the 'Boys at the Front,'" writes a patriotic woman who has a heart large enough to take in the world. She adds:

I often think of the blessings that could have been secured for thousands, if one hundredth part of the generosity towards this great war had been shown to valiant priests at the front in the Far East.

One of our 'mite boxers' lives in *East Boston*, a section separated by water from the original cow-pastures. The residents of *East Boston* have been obliged to pay toll (ferry or sub-way) until very recently and as they do not now know what to do with the extra penny, our correspondent suggests a Maryknoll mite box. Who in *East Boston* will spread some of these ticket-choppers?

A school-teacher fifty years old (there are such) celebrated her birthday by landing, on our blotter at Maryknoll, a check for fifty dollars, with a request that we enroll her honorable name on our list of *Perpetual Associates*. She writes:

Though a teacher of my age may have plenty of good friends while she lives, she may have none to help her soul and it behooves her to make friends among the future missionaries. I wish also to experience the pleasure of receiving my little *FIELD AFAR* with no warning date on its wrapper.

Anything with a foreign post-mark is liable to be shied into the Maryknoll letter-box at Ossining. That is why we received, a few days ago, a letter addressed to

*Sig. Lo Bruto*

*No. 50 Carcere*

*Suig Suig, N. Y.,*

which he who runs like an Italian, may read.

\*Includes 51 priests and 9 Sisters.

**THOUGHTS  
FROM MODERN MARTYRS**  
*Interesting, edifying and stimulating.*  
In cloth, 30 cents; postage 5 cents

**JUST DE BRETENIÈRES**  
(Bret-on-yair)

The life of this 19th century martyr sells for sixty cents, postpaid.

Address: The Field Afar  
Ossining New York

One of the heroes of our boyhood days was a bootblack who found a benefactor in Beekman St., New York. We never thought then that on the same street of dreams we should meet a large-hearted druggist to supply some of our wants and those of our animals, yet such is the case.

*Look at the burse list on the next page, select your favorite, and send for a few burse-cards.*

#### PRESENTS IN KIND.

Chinese paintings from Rev. Didace Arcaud, Chefoo, China; 2 copies of *Holy Land and Holy Writ* from the author, Rev. J. T. Durward, Baraboo, Wis.; a dozen surplices and a dozen bath-towels from Sewing Circle of the Sacred Heart Church, Massena, N. Y.; *The Mass*, by Adrian Fartescue, and *St. Elizabeth of Hungary* from Friend; altar-linens and surplices from L. L., N. Y.; cassocks and clothing from M. D., R. I.; cassock, coat, and collars from M. O'B., Neb.; clothing from Mrs. C. K., Pa.; pair of gloves from M. H., Mass.; old jewelry from M. R., N. J.; household goods, magazines, and maps from E. B., N. H.; overcoat, razor, and old jewelry from M. R., N. Y.; cancelled stamps from Conn., La., Mass., Md., Me., Minn., N. J., N. Y., and Pa.

**WE** ask you to remember in your prayers the souls of:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. F. James Hartnett	Mrs. N. Mooney
Trainor	Mrs. Mary Galvin
Sr. M. Bonaventure	Mrs. Eliz. Boyle
Emile Delbove	Mr. Thielen
Elizabeth Farrell	Lottie V. Devlin
J. Peter Klings	Edward Brady
Mrs. Maria Keife	Mrs. M. McGowan
Mr. Cooper	M. Stewart
Mrs. E. Rourke	Miss Mullin
Nellie Silva	Mrs. N. Kenneally
Mrs. Mary Waters	Nellie McGraw
John Forrestal	John P. Sweeney
Margaret Coonley	Martin McCormick
James Driscoll	

## FROM ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

STATE	GIFTS	NEW SUBSCRIBERS
California	\$8.45	9
Connecticut	187.97	10
Delaware		2
District of Columbia	4.00	11
Florida		1
Illinois	1.50	5
Indiana	1.50	3
Iowa	10.00	3
Kansas	5.00	
Kentucky		2
Louisiana	4.50	
Maine	1.00	1
Maryland	10.25	16
Massachusetts	308.21	86
Michigan	17.00	2
Minnesota	.30	3
Missouri	2.00	7
Montana	.50	1
Nebraska	1.00	1
Nevada		1
New Hampshire	20.00	1
New Jersey	14.00	2
New York	1,466.15	107
Ohio	34.25	19
Oklahoma	3.00	
Pennsylvania	1,278.46	31
Rhode Island	36.32	8
South Carolina		1
South Dakota		3
Tennessee		1
Texas	17.00	1
Vermont		2
West Virginia		2
Wisconsin	.60	1

## FROM OTHER COUNTRIES.

Canada	\$1.00	5
China	100.00	
Cuba	1.00	
England		2
Ireland	50.00	1
Philippine Islands	10.00	
South America		1
Trinidad		1

Our pharmacist, who also practices medicine on the afflicted at Maryknoll, asks for

*A Stethoscope and  
A Minor Surgery Set.*

If you are a doctor and have given up your practice, here is a chance to start up trouble again.

And while we are asking, let us say that if any reader has about fifteen dollars to spare for a statue, we can use it for the honor of Our Blessed Mother. We need also a statue of St. Joseph. Both are for the Vénard.

Get into one of the burse processions before the files are complete.

## STUDENT BURSE PROGRESS.

[A burse or foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.]

## COMPLETED BURSSES.

Cardinal Farley Burse.....	\$5,000.
Sacred Heart Memorial Burse....	5,000.
John L. Boland Burse.....	6,000.
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	5,000.
*St. Willibrord Burse.....	5,000.
Providence Diocese Burse.....	5,000.
Fr. Elias Younan Burse.....	5,000.
Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse..	5,000.
O. L. of the Miraculous Medal Burse .....	5,000.

## PARTIALLY COMPLETED BURSSES.

Archbishop John J. Williams Burse .....	**\$5,266.21
Cheverus Centennial School Burse .....	*3,160.12
St. Joseph Burse.....	2,136.70
St. Teresa Burse.....	2,034.00
All Souls Burse.....	2,018.04
O. L. of Mt. Carmel Burse....	1,954.41
Little Flower Burse (for Vénard) .....	1,631.47
St. Patrick Burse.....	1,283.50
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	1,093.78
Father B. Burse.....	*1,056.00
Bl. Theophane Vénard Burse (for Vénard).....	1,047.00
O. L. of the Sacred Heart Burse	746.26
Holy Ghost Burse.....	705.54
St. Anthony Burse.....	576.19
Pius X. Burse.....	396.35
St. Columba Burse.....	363.50
St. Stephen Burse.....	345.00
St. Francis of Assisi Burse....	300.85
Susan Emery Memorial Burse..	300.20
St. Dominic Burse.....	258.80
St. Francis Xavier Burse.....	210.51
St. Lawrence Burse.....	200.00
St. John the Baptist Burse....	151.00
St. Boniface Burse.....	147.00
Precious Blood Burse.....	129.00
Curé of Ars Burse.....	118.00
All Saints Burse.....	77.90
St. Rita Burse.....	75.25
Fr. Chapon Memorial Burse....	52.00
O. L. of Mercy Burse.....	29.00
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Burse	17.00
Joan of Arc Burse.....	11.00
O. L. of Victory Burse.....	11.00
Holy Name Burse.....	11.00
Immaculate Conception Burse..	10.00
St. Agnes Burse.....	10.00
St. Paul Burse.....	5.00
St. Aloysius Burse.....	4.00
O. L. of Perpetual Help Burse	1.00

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated, if desired, in memory of the deceased.

## SPECIAL FUNDS.

Archbishop Williams Catechist Fund .....	*\$5,000.00
Foreign Mission Educational Fund .....	2,550.00
Vénard Student Fund.....	385.60
Bread Fund.....	91.67

\*On hand but not operative.

\*\*\$5,000 on hand but not operative.

†\$1,000 on hand but not operative.

## The Mission Circles.



THE Virgin Mary Mission Club, of New Bedford, Mass., is kind to Maryknoll, and we have also heard lately from the Maria Mission Circle No. 1, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

A circle to which we are tempted to allude as the white-sewers, sent us lately a baker's dozen of plain surplices (the kind we use) and twelve serviceable towels. We now have some work in black for the next good-natured set of friends.

In Westfield, Mass., a St. Patrick Circle (Maria Mission) has been started with seven members. The organizing secretary has sent to Maryknoll for a little 'raft' of material, including reading-matter, prints, sealing stamps, and Maryknoll pins.



## MISSION CIRCLES.

## [RULES.]

Each circle shall consist of three or more members, who will meet to pray and work for Catholic missions. Each circle member may enroll contributing members.

The circle shall have no officers except a secretary. The organizer shall always act as secretary. If she should withdraw, her place shall be filled through election by the circle members.

Each meeting shall open and close with prayer. There shall be either an address or twenty minutes of reading on a subject of mission interest. Members shall agree on a regular offering to be handed to the secretary at each meeting, along with any gifts from contributing members. The meeting should not last longer than an hour.

No unnecessary discussion of persons or of personal matters shall be permitted at meetings.

Money collected shall be forwarded by the secretary each month, through a properly authorized channel, for the need designated by a majority of the circle members.

Address: The Circle Director,  
Maryknoll : : Ossining, New York.



